Mr. H. S. was born in the little city of Villach, Austria and, with his parents, arrived in this country when he was twelve years of age.

He is the youngest son of a family of seven boys and two girls, whose parents belonged to the better educated, well-to-do middle class of Austria.

The father of Mr. H. S. died when Mr. H. S. was seven years of age, and left the rearing of this large family entirely up to the mother.

According to Mr. H. S.'s appearance and manners, she the mother, certainly performed this arduous duty in a highly creditable manner.

The oldest sister left for America a few years after the father's death, and held a position as secretary to a wealthy Seattle, Washington financier for many years, leaving that position only upon marrying.

This sister was responsible for the fact that upon Mr. H. S.'s graduation from the Public School, his mother took him and his other sister, under the guidance of a Catholic Priest, who happened to be visiting the city of Villach, and whose parish was only a few miles outside of Seattle, to the United States.

Under this priest's guidance, they bade good-bye to the

other six brothers, three of them being in the army at the time, and the other three holding positions in civil life, and boarded the train through Switzerland and France to Le Havre. From there they boarded the steamer on the last lap to this country, or as Mr. H. S. expressed himself, "to the Promised Land."

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When war was declared, Mr. H. S. volunteered, but was refused, the reason being that his six brothers in Austria were doing active service in the Austrian Army, and he was advised to wait.

So Mr. H.S. kept on working in his chosen profession, doing his share of buying Liberty Bonds, also in consoling his mother and sisters, as reports came through that another brother had gone to "the great beyond" dying on the field of battle.

Mr. H.S. lost five of his six brothers in the last war, the sixth one now being in business in the Tyrol.

Fourteen years ago, Mr. H.S. married, and is today the father of two girls. Both of them are attending a Catholic Convent school here in San Francisco.

During the prohibition era, he went into business for himself and opened a store in a family neighborhood, was getting along famously in a financial way, and conditions were all that could be asked for, but, like many other good citizens of this country, he took to drinking, lost his business, home, etc. and finally two years ago his wife filed suit for divorce.

This last blow awoke Mr. H. S. to the realization of how far he had fallen, and he determined to abstain from all alcoholic stimulants, and swears that he will never touch an-

other drop.

A few months after his wife's divorce action, Mr. H.S. left the city, taking a position as travelling salesman.

One year ago Christmas, he was several hundred miles from San Francisco, when the craving to see his family took possession of him. Jumping into his car, he drove to San Francisco and arrived early on Christmas eve. A reconciliation with his family followed, and according to Mr. H.S., it was the most marvelous and happiest Christmas he had ever experienced.

Mr. H.S. is at the present time employed in a drug store in this city and is looking forward to a happier and more prosperous future. As he expressed himself, "I've experienced all the bitter phases of life, have realized what an utter fool I've been, and am fully determined to regain my position in life, both in a business and social way.

Mr. H. S.'s mother, at the present time, is ninety-two years old, and he hopes to see her reach the hundred mark.

He is a great admirer of President Roosevelt and feels that if every American would cooperate with him and place full confidence in him and his program so ably outlined by him, this country would materially better its condition towards normalcy for its citizens, in a financial and, more important, in a psychological sense.

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AUSTRIAN

Mr. X___ is forty-seven years of age and he was born in Austria. He was the youngest of ten children born of extremely poor parents, he had no education in his boyhood days. His father was a poor peasant farmer, and he remembers only hardships and his parent's struggle to support so large a family.

From the age of seven, he worked about their small and poor paying farm, helping his father. There were only two boys in the family. His mother had been in poor health ever since he could remember and this tended to make their life more uncomfortable. His diversions as a child were none. His only rest was on Sunday mornings when he had an opportunity to attend a small village church, it was every day "early to bed and early to rise."

When he was eighteen years of age it became his desire to go to the United States. He had learned from friends that this was the land of opportunity, and he felt that he could help his family much better in that way, than with his services on the farm. It took a year of constant pleading to convince his father, who finally reluctantly consented.

With very little money he emigrated to the United States alone. He went directly to Minnesota to a distant relative's farm. He was welcomed and given work. For eight years he stayed on this farm saving a little money and sending help home to his father. At the end of this period, he married,

and his wife persuaded him to go to California where she had relatives in San Francisco. Eager to get away from farm work he and his wife moved to San Francisco. Mr. X___ had $1700.

With this stake, and his wife a good baker, they opened a small bakery. It was successful in a period of one year. Mr. X___ bought a delivery wagon and solicited business on the outside. They started to buy three flats. Business became very good and after a few years they bought more property. Mr. X___ invested in stocks in 1929 and made much money. In 1930, he and his wife, and by this time three children, sold their bakery and stocks and the entire family made a trip to his home in Austria.

They visited for almost a year at which time they returned to the United States. The depression was on its way at that time, but M. X's property was all rented, and he was satisfied to work on a bakery route which paid a fair wage. When things got bad he lost the job, but with his capital he bought and sold used automobiles. Although he did not work steady for the next few years, Mr. X. says he was never idle. He had his property and lived comfortably all through our depression.

Mr. X____ is now a successful liquor merchant in San Francisco. With the repeal of prohibition, he lost no time in establishing himself in the wholesale and retail

liquor business. He is doing well and gladly tells of the rise of a poor foreign farmer boy to that of a successful merchant.

Mr. X. is forty-seven years of age. He was born in Austria. He was the youngest of ten children. Born of extremely poor parents, he had no education in his boyhood days. His father was a poor peasant farmer and he remembers only hardships and his father's struggle to support so large a family.

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1 XIX - Centuries - 45 — Nebraska

Mrs X was born in 1891 - I remember little of her childhood life except that she had many brothers and sisters and that the family was very poor -

After she left farm work as a X she attended was limited to about four years in school. At twelve X says she was working in the farm with her brothers and father. Her mother became insane when she was 15 years of age and was confined in the asylum for about three years later -

At 18 X" secured a job of the wife on another farm at a fair salary and saved money, until a man of Hungarian to the United States, whose many friends and relatives had written letters of prosperity possible in that country -

In 1911 - X Learned passage (Chicago)
to New York and sailed to Juneau
Alaska was on Lincoln as Ju-
Francisco -

X arrived at Ellis Island in May
of 1911 - but was detained more than
6 days because he had some of money and
failed in effort and it was not until
his uncle came to his rescue that he
was permitted to proceed to San Francisco

X found a small group of
the Norton colonists and
Francisco where he immediately went
to work for his room and board
X spoke almost no English and
he learned in a night school and
in one year had mastered enough
of the English language to get by

4 years later X secured a job delivering pies for an Athens bakery and was quite successful for 3 yrs. He saved money and opened a quiet of his own Saturday. X ran up Broadway on a 3 room Friend flat on Lumpkin street

"X" had a desire to become an American Citizen and informed his employees to work toward that end.

When the war broke out X was forced to register as an Alien enemy. Shortly told if war he was unwilling to join the United States army. Should X was not accepted and is now an American Citizen.

With the use of Prohibition in the United States X learned of Fruto a Corp. they sent away his own Corp and many other X received report from time to time from persons who sent to him to get them a gallon of Fruto X would supply the wine at a fare Common and the packing became so profitable that X decided to go into it on a large scale. He say that though he had permission to make 200 gallons I have a year that with the help of relatives and friends at most difficult to Make a Thousand

gallons or more.

X says that for a long period of time he had a large tank and received from 2½ to 3 mc for gasoline for some which cost him 10¢ to make out that 10¢ a gallon to make out that fence —

'X' says that the gas house was an excellent building & permitted him to ply his trade unmolested —

X bought 3 flats on the North Canal Center, rented them and derived a good income from them — A few months later X bought more flats —

the Mexican doctrine — Let us
bought more safety in the
Western Hemisphere —
To become Pupular and
Last he Elected I what he
now had two I must admit
I bought part of that
with the rest I Produced
I of course had to give up the rest

business last evening read with the league business and a pleasant social hour.

He leaves again for a long journey and has several speaking engagements to fill. During his absence Rev. Dye hopes to spend a few days with his family and the remainder of the time attending high school in the city now and as soon as they are graduated he and his family intend to make an extensive tour of Europe.

Rev. Dye claims that he has been

Forty fourth, formerly of
in Keith -

He was quite fond of his friend
record at 45 years of age and
all the last did he or his family
have had use for a doctor since
he has been here. He likes the
United States and intends to
often another trip when he return
from Europe

While in New York he learned to be a boilermaker. Here he accumulated a little money & decided to go West. Some of his friends lived in Gold Hill Oregon in Jackson County & Thompson Creek & several years in a row he brought cattle & horses from Gold Hill & Medford to Crescent City & Fort Jones. In 1861 he enlisted in the Volunteers & served in the Rogue River Indian War. He was discharged at Fort Lane. He then went to Yreka where he worked for a Livery Co. in Scott Valley. (Later on he owned 50 mules & had a Livery

In the mills the wages were
fairly good, but working conditions
rather poor. We lived in company
houses, were fed by company
cooks and bought everything from
company stores. We called that
rank bread because the price
in everything was very high."

Occasionally during these
years in the mills the work
got finishing in wood began
and Humbold Bay. Finishing was
finite profitable occupation. During
1/0 Seasonal unemployment. Sometimes
I made $100 a week and sometimes
nothing in a whole month. Then
I had to spend money in
a bank. All fishermen's earn-
ings of the boat is divided
they work. Having saved a
small sum Mr. Parrish came
to live in Berkeley in 1920. Here
he again took up his old
trade as boat maker. He
obtained a job in Stone's ship
yards in Oakland. With
the coming of the depression
jobs were scarce, so he

Finished Lesson Three

Maurice K. Austria was born in Austria in 1876. He was the eldest of three children. Maurice father was a jeweler and had a little shop where he repaired watches and managed to make a living. Maurice went to school until he was sixteen years of age. One uncle in New York from the hotel business wrote to Maurice's parents and asked Maurice to come and live with him. He did not have any children of his own and wanted someone to help him in the hotel. So in 1892 Maurice was now seventeen years of age he went to live with his aunt and uncle. He could not read and write in the English language but

II he went to evening school and in a year could read and write. Maurice started as clerk in the hotel and in this way he kept working hard for six years saved the money and in 1899 Maurice became manager of the hotel. Maurice met an American girl at a friends house. They fell in love and a year later were married. Maurice uncle retired and in this way Maurice became the owner. In 1905 Maurice was now the father of two children. His youngest child became ill with asthma and the doctor advised him to go to California where the climate was dry. Maurice sold his hotel and in 1907 they arrived in Los Angeles. He leased a hotel and in a short time his hotel was filled. Here Maurice and

3

The family lived until 1913.
His boy's health improved
and they decided to move to
San-Francisco where the
World's Fair was held at that
time. Maurice and a partner
leased a hotel for three years.
Everything was fine for a
year, then one day the
partner disappeared with the
money and Maurice was
unable to keep the hotel. He
found a position as a store
as a clerk and worked here
for five years. In 1924 he
leased a rooming house.
Maurice and his wife did
all the work themselves
and in this way managed
to save a little money.
In 1923 Maurice sold his
rooming house and they
moved to San Diego. Here
Maurice leased a small

4 hotels. He then sons were now eighteen and nineteen years old. They were both going to college but managed to help in the hotel. His older son was studying to be a doctor, the younger one became ill so he quit college and decided to stay in the hotel business with his father. Here they lived for 14 years then moved back to San-Francisco. Here Florence and his youngest son leased another hotel. Business was very good and they became rich. They bought stocks and had $75,000 at one time. They kept on speculating the stock went down and Florence lost everything including the hotel. His eldest son, the doctor was

5. married and just opened
an office of his own. Maurice
became ill and was unable
to work. The doctor just has
a very small practice and
is unable to contribute any
money toward the support
of his parents. The younger
son at the present time is
working on a W. P. A. Project
and in this way helps to
support his parents. Maurice
says he is thankful that
the government is giving the
work to his son because
he is an invalid and unable
to work.

XXXV

Dr. Paul Radin, ~~Supervisor.~~

Antoinette Jackson, Research assistant.

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The biography of Adolph Hut. (~~Lustiger~~)

In the country where Adolph Hut was born, life for a small minority of its people was what we of the United States would designate as a perpetual picnic, but foer the great majority it was hard, to say the least.

The small minority were always eating and drinking and dancing and travelling and listening to heavenly music, either in front of or within enclosed cafes, and the faces of none of them exhibited the slightest degree of worry or sorrow or trouble or even care; but the great majority in their very faces and in their gait of ~~walks~~, and even in their physsical appearance could be discerned sorrow, grief and all the vicissitudes that social conditions seem capable of inflicting upon human beings.

The people of that country, like the people of most other European countries, consist#d of four classes: first was the upper class, so-called , from the fact that its people belonged to the aristocracy, that is to say, the rulers, the Ministers of State, the big industrialists and the financiers; secondly there was the upper middle class, that is to say, the professional men and minor State officials; thirdly, there was the lower middle class, that is to say, the small merchants and the generality of "white collar " gentry; and fourthly, there was the lower or lowest class, that is to say, the workingmen, small farmers, etc.

The greatest share of the wealth of the country, of course, belonged to the upper class, most of it handed down for

centuries from generation to generation, and a small fraction of the wealth belonged to the upper and lower middle classes, but the lower or lowest class had almost nothing that they could call their own.

Adolph Hut was the son of a workingman whose ancestors for many years resided in a little town ,in the country known as Austria.

For many years no country or nation in Europe seemed inclined to provide educational facilities for the lower or lowest class of people, but for the other classes there always existed all sorts of private elementary schools and also Gymnasia as well as ~~or~~ Universities for such of the more privileged few who were able to pay. Most of the schools were fostered by and presided over by the clergy of the particular denomination that was part and parcel of the government. In Austria the Catholic Church had exclusive jurisdiction of the morals and spiritual welfare of the people and also exclusive and full charge of the education of the youth of the Country, and hence of the educational institutions.

Adolph Hut, although the son of a workingman, had ambitions which neither his parents persuasions, nor the priest's admonitions could be stilled or frustrated. Therefore, altho there existed an unwritten law or custom that every son must learn and practice his father's trade, Adolph Hut would not obey any such ancestral decrees. On the contrary, he was ambitious to become something above a workingman or even a small merchant. He was ambitious ~~in~~ to becoming a soldier and a ruler of men.

Now in order to become a ruler of men, Adolph Hut knew that an education was essential. How could he acquire one in the face, first of hereditary limitations and second of social handicaps? His father was an ordinary housepainter, of no social standing whatsoever, and almost wholly devoid of any financial resources, and besides, there was the age-old custom that a son must learn snd adopt his father's trade.

When Adolph was about ten years of age he was exceedingly good looking, graceful, neat, and tall for his age. His father was engaged to do some housepainting in which house lived a man and his wife of the upper middle class. In fact the man was a physician, and altho the couple had been married about ten years they had no children of their own. Into that house the painter took his young son who carried in his hands some painting material . After depositing the material the youngster ~~was skirmishing~~ went wandering around in the garden. ~~In the garden~~ There the lady of the house found him admiring and smelling the flowers. She called him and asked him who he was and who gave him permission to roam around in the garden. The child showed some degree of fright, nevertheless, he told the lady that he was the son of " Herr Hut ", the painter and while his father was working, he took the liberty to admire and smell the flowers. The lady told him that she admired his taste and invited him in to the house. It was not long after the two were in the house that the lady ordered a servant to bring coffee and cake for the youngster, and entertained him until her husband arrived for lunch. ~~During the lunch hour~~ The youngster was asked to join in the lunch ~~Father~~ and the ~~latter~~ father was asked not to send his son home until he

was ready to quit work for the day.

While husband and wife were having their luncheon the latter confided to the former that she would very much like to have him agree to ~~the adoption of that boy~~ their adopting that him as their own, if his father's and mother's consent could be secured. The husband did not commit himself at the time, but after luncheon he strolled towards the place where the house-painter was working, and after looking over the work he took the youngster by the hand and led him into his library. In the library the physician busied himself with some papers and while he was thus engaged the youngster looked with amazement at all sorts of pictures hanging on the walls and also looked with interest at the rows and rows of books. Suddenly, the physician asked him: " Can you read and write "? The youngster, instantaneous answer was:" No, but I should like to be able to read and write and become a great man." On hearing Adolph's answer the physician said: " You shall" !

When the house-painter was ready to leave for his home, the physician asked him to step in the library. When the Physician and the painter sat down, the former asked the latter all sorts of questions, and particularly his pedigree. The ~~questions~~ things the physician asked ~~the painter~~ him having been fully answered; the former told the latter the reason why he asked him the many questions, namely that he, the physician, and his wife, would like to adopt the child as their own, if ~~he~~ the painter and his wife would give their consent. The painter replied that he would consent with himself with his wife as soon as he reached his own home, and ~~he would~~ give the answer the next day. The child, after receiving some

gifts was allowed to rejoin its father.

Adolph Hut's parents had six other children, four boys and two girls. Therefore, because they themselves were poor and the child was ambitious, it did'nt take long for the painter and his wife to arrive at the decision to give their consent to the child's adoption by the physician and his wife.

When going to his work the next day, the painter took the child along with him, and during the noon hour he told the physician that he and his wife were agreable to the latter's proposal. The very same day the physician instructed his attorney to institute the necessary proceedings for the legal adoption of the boy; and, on and after that day, the boy became one of the physician's family.

From the age of about ten years until the age of twenty-three Adolph Lustiger (his adopted name) was a most brilliant student. At the latter age his adopted father sent him to a Medical School, and at the age of twenty-eight ~~years~~ he graduated as a physician and surgeon with the highest honors the school could confer upon him. In fact, he won a post-graduate scholarship that took him into many other countries for the purpose of studying the surgical technique in vogue in various hospitals, and after one year of study he returned to his native city and country.

Shortly after returning to his native city Lustiger began to feel that the prospects for his future there were not at all promissing. He felt the need of a much larger field of endeavor, but he said nothing to anyone . In due time however he began to have spells of melancholy, and this he could

not wholly suppress nor hide. His foster parents began to take notice and one day he was asked point blank what he was the matter. Thereupon he confessed that he felt the need of leaving for a larger city. After a frank discussion between the foster parents and the adopted son, it was agreed that as soon as the house ~~is~~ was sold they would all emigrate to the United States and settle in New -York City. They had many relatives and friends in the latter city and it would prove a fertile field for the younger Physician. Three months later, June I4, I9I4, the Lustigers forsook their city and country and on June 28, ~~they~~ landed in New York City. To say that they were most fortunate in view of the last world war, would be putting it mildly.

After submitting their credentials, both father and son were, in August, I9I4, licensed to practice Medicine in the State of New York. It was not long after that the younger Lustiger was invited to read a paper before the County Medical Society on the history of Laparatomy (He knew the English language perfectly) and it proved so thorough and scientific that the Drectors of a large Hospital requested him to become a member of its Surgical Staff. From then on young Dr. Lustiger made wonderful progress, and his foster parents were exceedingly proud of their adopted son.

As soon as his economic status permitted, Young Dr. Lustiger sent money to his ~~natural~~ parents and brothers an d sister, all of whom still resided in Austria.

In I925 Dr. Lustiger married a San Francisco girl and due to the fact that his foster parents did not feel well and they preferred the California climate Dr. Adolph Lustiger came with his ~~foster~~ parents to San Francisco, where his wife's parents reside, who are just as proud of him, as his foster parents.

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"In Austria, we lived in the country. My father was a farmer and died when I was quite young. My whole life consists of nothing but hard work. It's the lot of all those that are born on a farm. The remorseless hand of Fate is even behind me with a whip to force me ahead. Because of my father's premature death, I've been working much harder since I'm the only son, and my mother's only support. From early boyhood life to me has been one constant struggle.

"Finally, conditions at home became so unbearable I had to leave, to escape that life of drudgery. That was an eventful day, the day I set sail fro the New World, full of hopes and aspirations and to start life afresh, all over again. Long before I landed, I had decided to face any job that came my way. Now it happened that all the manual jobs that could be had were out ot town, and as I have had enough of the country, I thought I'd wait awhile longer and hunt for something different. I found I couldn't do better, so finally and against my will, I went to work in Mead's Restaurant as silverman and tray wiper at three dollars per day. I have followed that line of work since then. I've been working in restaurants for many years and can never

bring myself to like it for there is too much grief attached, but I can't seem able to do better. Lately, I've received a pathetic letter from my mother stating that her sight is failing and God granting, she would like above everything else, to see her wandering boy before the inevitable moment comes."

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"I have to smile when you ask me to give an account of my life. No one has ever approached me on that subject, and really, I'm somewhat puzzled how to begin. I'll come right to the point though, and tell you that if you expect something out of the ordinary, or rather, something thrilling, you are doomed to disappointment. I imagine that you are aware that the life of a hard working man is usually dull, especially in the line of work I'm engaged in. There is no adventure of any sort, nor is there romance to make it colorful. Just take a look at me. I look quite an old man don't I? In reality, I've passed thirty. When one has to work from ten to twelve hours daily in a warm, stuffy and unventilated basement kitchen for years, is it a wonder that his very life is sapped out in such a sweat hole? I believe I've told you all that is worth telling.

"However, if you care to listen further I can tell you some

of the private affairs concerning my former boss so you can have a glimpse of his nature and judge for yourself how rotten he is through to the core. His name is Joseph Shor and owner of Dinty's Kitchen on Third and Market Streets. He specializes in corn beef and he has a long wooden box where the beef undergoes a steaming process. This place use to be a saloon before prohibition. He is a man about fifty, and of stocky build. No matter how I try to describe him I shall fail in the attempt. He is not German, but rather one of those typical Prussian swines. He served in the German army before the break of war. How he got out of the army at a time when Germany was at the verge of war, and how he got into the States no one knows. By his own admission, he was for many years a dishwasher. Being of a thrifty nature he lived a frugal life and underwent extreme privations in hoarding all he could spare.

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Frank A. Schmidt was born in Austria near Vienna more than sixty years ago. His parents were peasant farmers. When he was still a child his family, consisting of a brother and two sisters, in addition to himself and his parents, emigrated to the United States.

Due to the fact that he was quite young when he left Europe, he remembers but little of life in the "old country." His strongest and most enduring impressions being of much hard work and of the prevailing diet of black bread and cabbage soup, with meat and coffee, which constituted especial luxuries, being served but once a week, usually on Sundays.

He recalls something of the voyage to the New World, and of the noise and bewildering confusion attendant upon entering the country via Ellis Island under immigration conditions which prevailed at that time.

His recollections of the first meal eaten in the new country are still vivid, due to the abundance of both meat and coffee, and to the fact that it was the first time any of them had ever encountered jelly. None of them had any idea as to what this new delicacy was or how it should be eaten but, after viewing it for some time with considerable doubt, one member of the party, a more adventurous spirit than the others, decided that the proper procedure was to add a generous helping of it to his

coffee. This he did, and his evident satisfaction and approval of the result thus achieved was such that the others all followed his example.

Mr. S. and his family came at once to Colorado where his father bought a farm near Denver. Not being acquainted with American crops or with prevailing prices for agricultural products, he followed the advice of neighbors that first year and planted the major portion of his acreage to beets. When they had matured and were harvested, he found that there was practically no market for them. He spent many weary days hauling wagon loads of beets to Denver, trying in vain to dispose of them and ultimately, in disgust and exasperation, selling them at such a figure that it amounted virtually to giving them away.

Mr. S recalls that on one such occasion when his father had labored diligently to dispose of his load of beets without success, he set out, tired, hungry and disgusted, to haul them home again. Passing by a roadhouse where meals were being served, he was so hungry that he stopped and bargained with the cook to give him his supper in return for some of his hated beets. After some discussion she reluctantly agreed that she might be able to use a few of them, so he entered the place and was served with corned beef and cabbage, corn on the cob, and corn bread. After completing his meal, he proceeded to dump the entire load of beets in the yard despite the horrified protests of the cook,

who probably had visions of endless miles of beet pickles extending to infinity. Arriving at home, he announced that never in his life had he been in such a crazy country, for the American people apparently ate nothing but corn served up in all manner of styles.

The experience with growing beets proved a valuable, albeit expensive, lesson in American agricultural methods, and thereafter, other crops were planted with a greater degree of financial success resulting from their cultivation.

Later the family moved on to California where they settled on another farm situated in one of the principal wine producing areas of the state.

Meanwhile, the children had been growing up, attending American schools and acquiring American customs. German was still the language spoken in the home, but all, with the exception of the mother, had a ready knowledge of English as well. Through the years, hse has managed to acquire a sort of "bread and butter" knowledge of English, but when she speaks it, it is always so generously intermixed with German words and phrases that understanding is rendered very difficult to anyone who does not possess a knowledge of German.

Mr. S. by this time a young man, had no difficulty in securing employment in the new location with one of the immense wineries situated there whose vintages were in demand through-

out the country.

It was in this place that Mr. S. met a young woman, Miss Lily M., whom he courted and married. She was of American birth and parentage, the daughter of an Iowa country doctor, who traced his genealogy back to certain important figures of Revolutionary War days. Her family was originally a large one, but most of her brothers and sisters had become victims of tuberculosis, dying while in their teens or early twenties. Never possessing robust health herself, her family were fearful that she, too, would contract the dreaded disease, so they arranged to send her to California in order that she might enjoy the benefits of a milder climate. Arriving here, she made her home with a married brother whose ranch was situated near that of Mr. S.'s family.

It so happened that Mr. S. possessed a certain degree of talent as a violinist, and so, when he met his new neighbor, Miss M., he was overjoyed to discover that she could and would play accompaniments on the piano for him. They spent happy evenings together over the music. Thus romance had its inception, which culminated eventually in the marriage of the couple.

For a time after their marriage, they lived with the S. family but this arrangement was not especially satisfactory to any of the members of the household, so Mr. S., who had previously learned the carpenter's trade, took his bride to San Francisco to live. There and in surrounding towns and cities, he en-

gaged in carpentry for some twenty years.

Among the many building projects in which he participated was the reconstruction of the buildings at Leland Stanford Jr. University at Palo Alto which were damaged by the earthquake in 1906. He still recalls with many chuckles of amusement the surreptitious swimming parties in the town reservoir in which he and his fellow carpenters often indulged on warm evenings while they were employed on the University job.

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R.M. was born on the outskirts of Cleveland, Ohio, in 1896. His father was an Austrian and his mother German, both from the old country. He was educated in the Cleveland public schools. When he graduated from grammar school, family finances made it necessary for him to go to work. So after several jobs in grocery stores, as messenger boy, etc., he atlast found a job with a railroad in the baggage room handling trunks and mail and other incidental work around the terminal. In time he managed to become a station agent at a small station near the city, planned out on soon getting married and proceeding along the way of what is called normal living.

However, he was very fond of liquor and in railroading, drinking on the job is taboo. Just here his normal living was upset. He had been drinking heavily one day and becoming sleepy lay down for a nap. The telegraph instruments clicked away while he slept and a passenger train passed through without being flagged and notified that another train, an extra, was coming in the opposite direction. Luckily the trains met without a crash, it having occurred on a flat plain where each was able to see the other in broad daylight. And when the train backed up the engineer found Shorty still snoring away in his station. So Shorty was fired.

He obtained another job some distance away on another railroad. This time he remained sober. But when his bonding papers were sent east to the bodning company they were immediately returned and he was fired. From job to job he went and always before the first month was up the blacklist of the first railroad caught up with him. The girl to whom he was engaged threw him over, so he came west and began workin on section gangs, in mines and in any kind of work he could get. He became a fruit tramp, picking fruit through all the western states, following the crops as they matured, from state to state. In between he drank, thought of the girls who turned him down, and read a great deal of labor literature. When the strikes in the northwest lumber industry began he was working in an Oregon lumber camp. He joined the I.W.W. during the intense persecution of that organization shortly after the war, and wandered into Idaho where he got work on a road building crew.

Here he found quite a number of fellow I.W.W.s on the same job. It happened that the contractor who had obtained the contract for this roadbuilding was named Oxman, and Oxman was the honest cattleman from the north who perjured Mooney and Billings into prison for life. So Shorty and his friends say to it that in the cement poured into the roads, there was an excess of sand. Eventually the roads were found unfit, Oxman was subjected to

heavy penalties resulting in his bankruptcy, and Shorty and his friends grinned and moved on.

For awhile he lived in the jungles near various towns and drank canned heat, occasionally working. While in Nevada on a drunk, he forged a check. When he became sober he found himself in the State Prison. He was paroled in two years and worked for awhile in the mines near Virginia City. However, he got drunk again and forged another check so his parole was revoked. This time he came back to prison and did two years more. He worked in the prison butcher shop and learned the meat business. He filed an application for parole and the day was drawing near when it was to be given consideration.

Carson City is the State Capital of Nevada. It lies at the base of the Sierras surrounded by brush and sage. A forest fire raged and was closing in on the city. Help from the prison was sent for. Among those who volunteered was Shorty. They fought the fire for hours. There was a fierce wind and it raced the flames this way and that. By back firing, the city was saved, but when it was over there were three prisoners and one guard missing. They were found later in a small ravine burned to a crisp. Among them was R.M.

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However, he was very fond of liquor and in railroading, drinking on the job is taboo. Just here his normal living was upset. He had been drinking heavily one day and becoming sleepy lay down for a nap. The telegraph instruments clicked away while he slept and a passenger train passed through without being flagged and notified that another train, an extra, was coming in the opposite direction. Luckily the trains met without a crash, it having occurred on a flat plain where each was able to see the other in broad daylight. And when the train backed up the engineer found Shorty still snoring away in his station. So Shorty was fired.

He obtained another job some distance away on another railroad. This time he remained sober. But when his bonding papers were sent east to the bodning company they were immediately returned and he was fired. From job to job he went and always before the first month was up the blacklist of the first railroad caught up with him. The girl to whom he was engaged threw him over, so he came west and began working on section gangs, in mines and in any kind of work he could get. He became a fruit tramp, picking fruit through all the western states, following the crops as they matured, from state to state. In between he drank, thought of the girls who turned him down, and read a great deal of labor literature. When the strikes in the northwest lumber industry began he was working in an Oregon lumber camp. He joined the I.W.W. during the intense persecution of that organization shortly after the war, and wandered into Idaho where he got work on a road building crew.

Here he found quite a number of fellow I.W.W.s on the same job. It happened that the contractor who had obtained the contract for this roadbuilding was named Oxman, and Oxman was the honest cattleman from the north who perjured Mooney and Billings into prison for life. So Shorty and his friends say to it that in the cement poured into the roads, there was an excess of sand. Eventually the roads were found unfit, Oxman was subjected to

heavy penalties resulting in his bankruptcy, and Shorty and his friends grinned and moved on.

For awhile he lived in the jungles near various towns and drank canned heat, occasionally working. While in Nevada on a drunk, he forged a check. When he became sober he found himself in the State Prison. He was paroled in two years and worked for awhile in the mines near Virginia City. However, he got drunk again and forged another check so his parole was revoked. This time he came back to prison and did two years more. He worked in the prison butcher shop and learned the meat business. He filed an application for parole and the day was drawing near when it was to be given consideration.

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Mr. Max S., Austrian, sixty-nine years old, was born in Ducla, a small village in Austria, in 1867. He had three brothers and sisters. His parents had a little farm where they lived, and a drygoods store in Vienna. When Max was thirteen years old he left school and went to work as a clerk in a general merchandise store in Ducla. He saved the small wages he made and when he was fifteen years old he left his home to go to an aunt in New York.

Max arrived at Ellis Island where his aunt and uncle met him. He went to work in a general merchandise store which his uncle owned. He was now seventeen years old.

The doctors advised Max to go to Vienna for an operation on a rupture at once. He had the operation and stayed in Europe for one year. He came back to New York because he didn't care for Europe after living in America. He bought a horse and wagon loaded it with dry goods, pots, etc., and peddled from one house to another. Max then left for Cleveland where he peddled for five years. He was now twenty-four years old. His parents both died. The property was left to his sister who lived in Ducla. Max was left a little money.

He married a Hungarian girl in New York. He went to work in a tailoring shop where he learned to clean and press clothes. This tailor had a suit to be delivered special to a man in Ja-

maica near New York. Max was riding in a street car when a terrible storm and blizzard came up. He had to stay overnight in the station house. One child was frozen to death, and since that time he has suffered from neuralgia and headaches. He was the father of two children. They decided to go to Cleveland where a position was waiting for him in a clothing store. He lived there for two and a half years and there another child was born.

After a short time he lost this position in Cleveland. Max and his family then went to Chicago where he held a position as a presser for three years. There another child was born. He then went to visit his brother-in-law in Courtland, Alabama, in 1903. His brother-in-law had a general merchandise store and a cotton plantation. He was a rich man and gave Max enough money to go to San Francisco. He got a position in the Golden Gate Cloak and Suit House in San Francisco. Then he sent for his family in 1904. He held this position for three years. They lived between Seventh and Eighth on Langton Street. They had five children.

In 1906 Max bought a horse and wagon and peddled junk. Then came the big earthquake and fire. They lost everything except the horse and wagon. Max took his family on the wagon to Golden Gate Park. The Red Cross gave them a tent, food and clothes. They stayed there for four days.

Max helped the Red Cross picking up the injured and dead and taking them to the temporary hospital. The refugees, including Max and his family, were taken to Ingleside where they lived for four months in a tent. Then he took his family on the horse and wagon and drove to Mountain View to find a place to live. They lived there three years and Max peddled junk and made a good living.

The old ailment in his head started to bother him, and he moved to Oakland where an operation was performed which gave him some relief. While he was in the hospital his wife went to work in the cannery and also did housework for a little money to help support the family.

They lived in an old house near a swamp where the whole family contracted typhoid fever. Four of them were taken to the County Hospital. Three were taken to the East Bay Sanitarium. They all recovered. This was in 1909. They moved to Stockton where Max peddled junk and stayed until 1916.

In 1916, he moved to Sacramento and saved enough money to open a junk shop for himself. One of his sons enlisted in the United States Navy in the beginning of the World War. Max stayed in Sacramento until 1923.

Max moved back to San Francisco in 1925. He took out his citizenship papers. Four of his children are married. Three are single. They are all good American citizens. Max is still

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After a short time he lost this position in Cleveland. Max and his family then went to Chicago where he held a position as a presser for three years. There another child was born. He then went to visit his brother-in-law in Courtland, Alabama, in 1903. His brother-in-law had a general merchandise store and a cotton plantation. He was a rich man and gave Max enough money to go to San Francisco. He got a position in the Golden Gate Cloak and Suit House in San Francisco. Then he sent for his family in 1904. He held this position for three years. They lived between Seventh and Eighth on Langton Street. They had five children.

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Mr. H.S., a gentleman about fifty years of age, was born in the small village of Goggan, in the province of Carinthia, Austria. Arriving in this country ten years ago, he immediately applied for and received his citizenship papers.

His parents were of the peasant class, owning, and operating a small farm where they grew their own garden truck, also raised a few heads of cattle.

During harvest time, the neighbors helped each other receiving as pay a certain amount of the crop harvested.

Money was scarce, the farmers exchanging their product with each other, a certain system of barter existed; when money was needed, they generally sold a cow, or a horse, to a dealer.

All in all, it was a quiet, carefree existence, the people taking their joys in a quiet undemonstrative manner, and assisting each other in times of sorrow.

The matter of education was compulsory; therefore when Mr. H.S. reached the age of six years, he was taken to a school about two kilometers away and registered.

Mr. H.S. marvels at the freedom afforded school children in this country, their many opportunities for amusements, and the large amount of time that is being devoted to athletics and sports of all kinds.

School hours in the rural districts of Austria were from 8 a.m. until 12 noon; then from 2 until 4 p.m., girls and boys never mixing, but having their own respective class rooms.

Twice a week, for one hour, they were taken to the gymnasium for exercises, being taught all forms of calisthenics by competent instructors, and the quarterly examinations were as strict in these exercises as they were in the other branches of learning.

The grammar schools consisted of six grades, then one grade special for preparatory work for high school, then three grades in the high school, as they call it, "gymnasium".

At five o'clock in the morning, the household was awake, Mr. H.S. attending to the chores assigned him; at seven was breakfast, then school.

So, Mr. H.S.'s youth was very uneventful until he was of age. Then he was ordered to report to the "Bezirks Kommand", where he underwent an examination and was found physically fit for military service.

Two weeks afterwards, he received transportation to the nearest recruiting post, and from there he was assigned to a Gaeger Infantry Regiment, in the city of Klagenfurt, the capital of the province.

Military discipline was very strict, and infractions of

its rules were frequent, in fact so much so, that Mr. H.S. says his first six months of military life were nothing else but a long "Kasemen Arrest", not that he was deliberately infringing on the regulations, but he just could not adjust himself to the clock-work existence and precision of this new life.

After the first year, his readjustment, or the accomplishment of it was complete, and at the end of his three year term of compulsory enlistment he was the wearer of two white stars, denoting his progress in army life and giving him the rank of corporal.

Returning to his home on his discharge, he worked on the farm and was preparing to improve the property according to some ideas he had learned while conversing with the sons of some other farmers during his army life, when, to his surprise, he received a peremptory order to report for immediate emergency duty to his regiment.

Arriving at regimental headquarters, he noticed that all reserves had received the same orders, and upon reporting and further inquiry realized that the regiment was recruited to full war strength and was departing for secret manouvers immediately.

The following day they entrained, with their destination still unknown, but by watching the passing stations, they no-

ticed that the general direction travelled was towards the Hungarian frontier.

Entering Hungary, they were ordered to de-train and after inspection were given twenty-four hours furlough for relaxation and amusements.

Next morning, at field review, the commander of the regiment made an impassioned address, informing them that their destination was the Serbian frontier, to guard their empire with their blood, if necessary, from the encroachments of that -----Serbian nation and that he, as commander felt himself highly honored that such important post was entrusted to them. He begged them to live up to the glorious traditions of their colors and to maintain the honor of their regiment.

Following this address, the men were marched to the supply department and full war equipment was issued.

Re-entraining, they arrived two days later at the Serbian frontier to take up their share of the dangerous border duties during those threatening and uncertain days.

War talk was at fever pitch, tales of the glorious past and the heroic deeds of their regiment were retold, imbuing the men with military ardor and venturesome daring.

Finally, that fateful day in August came, war was declared, outposts were trippled, equipment was minutely examined, and the whole regiment slept under arms awaiting marching orders.

Finally all preparations were completed, the regiment moved into a concentration camp and from there, in conjunction with regiments of Pioneers, light artillery and Hungarian Hussars, they were ordered to march and invade enemy territory.

The emotions of the men varied, some cried, some sang, others laughed, while some cursed, each man in his own individual manner trying to hide the fear and dread of the coming ordeal.

Mr. H.S. did not care to go into any details regarding his experiences. Some were humorous, others left their horror imprinted in his memory for the rest of his life.

He took active part in the Scibian--Italian and Russian campaigns, was wounded five times, and sees absolutely nothing glamorous or glorious in any war.

When the armistice was signed, he was in a field hospital recovering from wounds received in his last campaign against the Russians, and upon the consequent fall of the Austrian Monanby, he and most of those able to walk, left the hospital, wending their way towards their respective homes, suffering untold hardships, stealing their food, and having regular pitched battles among themselves.

Arriving home, he found his mother had died during his absence, his father was practically helpless from sickness

and under-nourishment, while the farm was in a deplorable condition.

The cattle, horses, chickens, and farm products of the year had been commandeered by the government for the use of the army, leaving the farm in a depleted state. Returning soldiers were continually invading the farm, demanding food and threatening dire happenings unless their demands were satisfied.

Thus, Mr. H.S. returned home to a scene of desolation and despair, anarchy was rampant, and the rule of the strong and survival of the fittest ruled the land.

But order eventually came with the new government's court martials, and executions took place, the innocent suffered with the guilty, respect for the government was enforced by the ruthless use of armed force, and quiet finally prevailed over disorder.

All citizens were ordered to turn all fire arms over to the legal authorities under penalty of death and at the slightest suspicion, homes were entered and thoroughly ransacked for hidden weapons.

Mr. H.S. lived through all these scenes of turmoil, keeping to his home, tilling the farm, trying to efface from his memory the harrowing experiences of the preceding years.

He succeeded to a large extent, recultivating and slowly restoring the farm, conditions seemed to brighten, when his

father died.

This event severed the final connecting link with his home, since he had no brothers or sisters, and was the only member of his family left alive, Mr. H.S. decided to sell his property and emmigrate to America.

After six months of waiting, he finally found a purchaser who would meet his price and had the amount in ready cash, so the deal was consumated.

Upon applying for his passport and necessary identification papers, he was informed that a two months wait was in store for him, as the immigration quota for the period had been filled and he would have to wait for the next quota of emigration.

His period of waiting was finally rewarded and he embarked at Le Havre, France, for this country.

Having had the foresight to study English while waiting for a purchaser for his farm, and for his permit to travel, Mr. H.S. encountered few of the difficulties that meet most emigrees.

Having decided upon San Francisco as a place of residence, Mr. H.S. came directly here.

Upon arrival he went to some German societies and asked their advice and assistance in the matter of getting settled.

With their assistance, he purchased a grocery store, first training himself by donating his services to a neighborhood

grocer and learning everything pertaining to the business.

Five years ago, Mr. H.S. married an American girl, and is the father of two children, a girl and a boy, and is mighty proud of his family.

His favorite pastimes are taking them on outings, attending a show now and then, and attending to the duties his business impose upon him.

He voted for Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt at the last election and thinks him a marvelous man.

Regarding the communist party he said they ought to shoot them on sight as I know how much harm and how little good they can do.

Asked whether he was a Republican or a Democrat, he was uncertain, but "show me a good man and make me believe he will do the right thing, and I'll vote for him, as it's the man in the right place that counts and not the political party."

Austria

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He succeeded to a large extent, recultivating and slowly restoring the farm, conditions seemed to brighten, when his

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This event severed the final connecting link with his home, since he had no brothers or sisters, and was the only member of his family left alive, Mr. M.S. decided to sell his property and emmigrate to America.

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Mr. H.S., a gentleman about fifty years of age, was born in the small village of Goggan, in the province of Carinthia, Austria. Arriving in this country ten years ago, he immediately applied for and received his citizenship papers.

His parents were of the peasant class, owning, and operating a small farm where they grew their own garden truck, also raised a few heads of cattle.

During harvest time, the neighbors helped each other receiving as pay a certain amount of the crop harvested.

Money was scarce, the farmers exchanging their product with each other, a certain system of barter existed; when money was needed, they generally sold a cow, or a horse, to a dealer.

All in all, it was a quiet, carefree existence, the people taking their joys in a quiet undemonstrative manner, and assisting each other in times of sorrow.

The matter of education was compulsory; therefore when Mr. H.S. reached the age of six years, he was taken to a school about two kilometers away and registered.

Mr. H.S. marvels at the freedom afforded school children in this country, their many opportunities for amusements, and the large amount of time that is being devoted to athletics and sports of all kinds.

School hours in the rural districts of Austria were from 8 a.m. until 12 noon; then from 2 until 4 p.m., girls and boys never mixing, but having their own respective class rooms.

Twice a week, for one hour, they were taken to the gymnasium for exercises, being taught all forms of calisthenics by competent instructors, and the quarterly examinations were as strict in these exercises as they were in the other branches of learning.

The grammar schools consisted of six grades, then one grade special for preparatory work for high school, then three grades in the high school, as they call it, "gymnasium".

At five o'clock in the morning, the household was awake, Mr. L.J. attending to the chores assigned him; at seven was breakfast, then school.

So, Mr. L.J.'s youth was very uneventful until he was of age. Then he was ordered to report to the "Bezirks Kommand", where he underwent an examination and was found physically fit for military service.

Two weeks afterwards, he received transportation to the nearest recruiting post, and from there he was assigned to a Jaeger Infantry Regiment, in the city of Klagenfurt, the capital of the province.

Military discipline was very strict, and infractions of

its rules were frequent, in fact so much so, that Mr. H.T. says his first six months of military life were nothing else but a long "Easmon Arrest", not that he was deliberately infringing on the regulations, but he just could not adjust himself to the clock-work existence and precision of this new life.

After the first year, his readjustment, or the accomplishment of it was complete, and at the end of his three year term of compulsory enlistment he was the wearer of two white stars, denoting his progress in army life and giving him the rank of corporal.

Returning to his home on his discharge, he worked on the farm and was preparing to improve the property according to some ideas he had learned while conversing with the sons of some other farmers during his army life, when, to his surprise, he received a peremptory order to report for immediate emergency duty to his regiment.

Arriving at regimental headquarters, he noticed that all reserves had received the same orders, and upon reporting and further inquiry realized that the regiment was recruited to full war strength and was departing for secret manouvers immediately.

The following day they entrained, with their destination still unknown, but by watching the passing stations, they no-

ticed that the general direction travelled was towards the Hungarian frontier.

Entering Hungary, they were ordered to de-train and after inspection were given twenty-four hours furlough for relaxation and amusements.

Next morning, at field review, the commander of the regiment made an impassioned address, informing them that their destination was the Serbian frontier, to guard their empire with their blood, if necessary, from the encroachments of that -----Serbian nation and that he, as commander felt himself highly honored that such important post was entrusted to them. He begged them to live up to the glorious traditions of their colors and to maintain the honor of their regiment.

Following this address, the men were marched to the supply department and full war equipment was issued.

Re-entraining, they arrived two days later at the Serbian frontier to take up their share of the dangerous border duties during these threatening and uncertain days.

War talk was at fever pitch, tales of the glorious past and the heroic deeds of their regiment were retold, imbuing the men with military ardor and venturesome daring.

Finally, that fateful day in August came, war was declared, outposts were tripled, equipment was minutely examined, and the whole regiment slept under arms awaiting marching orders.

Finally all preparations were completed, the regiment moved into a concentration camp and from there, in conjunction with regiments of Pioneers, light artillery and Hungarian Hussars, they were ordered to march and invade enemy territory.

The emotions of the men varied, some cried, some sang, others laughed, while some cursed, each man in his own individual manner trying to hide the fear and dread of the coming ordeal.

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I was born in Trieste the year 1901. Then Trieste was Austria. My father was a mechanic in the ship yard. My mother was the daughter of a peasant and had to take care of the family; there were nine of us.

I went to school from six years of age to fourteen, as school was compulsory at that age in Austria. Then I went to help in the Consulich ship yard, it was then 1914; in 1915 my father was transferred from Trieste to Graten to an ammunition factory and naturally with him went all the family. There I was employed as mechanic's helper and I worked there until the end of the World War. We then returned to Trieste and I went to work with my father in the ship yard but then we were no more Austrians but Italians. And that was not accomplished by the free will of the citizens of Trieste but by a few leading bankers and industrialists.

In 1919, I went to work on board a ship that was bound for India. I liked that kind of a life and besides I was seeing the world. I went to Egypt, to southeast and west Africa. I went to Asia, and in 1922 which was the year that I was called to the army, I came to San Francisco.

In San Francisco I first worked in a restaurant as a bus-boy and a while after that I worked as waiter. Now I

work part time as waiter because I can't find steady work. During the few years that I was in San Francisco I managed to save four thousand dollars, but then came the general stock market crash, created by the bankers, and I was trapped by Giannini with Transamerica, and now I haven't anything any more and besides I can't find steady work.

I would like to return to my native land, but my parents write me that there the crisis is worse than here and some times persons can be seen dropping from starvation. They would like to protests but as soon as they try, immediately some regiments of dirty black fascisti are there clubbing, shooting, murdering, and that for the sake of keeping peace and order while the workers starve.

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Josef was born on a farm in Bartfelt. He had three brothers and sisters. His father was caretaker of a large estate. It consisted of a farmhouse and many acres of fruit trees. It belonged to a baron. For taking care of this, Josef's father had a place for his family to live, but he was paid very little money. Just a few dollars a year. Josef had a house made out of bricks with a straw roof. There were two rooms. One to sleep in, the other was the kitchen. It was very low and many times chickens or a cow would come walking into the house. When Josef was six a teacher came to the house to teach him to read and write in the Hungarian language.

Josef never wore shoes except for holidays. He had them made by a cobbler who did all his work by hand. His mother knitted his socks and spun the material for his clothes. From the time he was seven until he was twelve, he worked in the fields along with the other peasants. If there was a wedding or a christening there was great rejoicing. There was feasting for days and sometimes as long as a week. The gypsies had a part of the land to live on and if any celebration took place, the peasants hired the gypsies to play and sing for them.

Money was very scarce and Josef was dissatisfied. When he was fifteen, he decided to come to America. He heard about the place where everyone has an equal chance and he was anxi-

ous to come to America to make his home. His father and relatives gave him the money and he came to New York. He bought some shirts and socks, and carried a pack on his back. He sold these and he made a few dollars. He sent a little money back to Hungary. Josef worked very hard in the daytime and at night he went to school to learn English. He bought a horse and wagon and began to peddle fruit. He was very successful and saved a few hundred dollars, then when he was twenty-two years old, he got married. His wife and he went back to Hungary to visit his parents. Everything seemed strange and he was anxious to get back to America which he now called his home. They came back to New York where his first child was born. Josef studied hard, and took out his citizenship papers. This was in the year 1902. This way his wife also became an American citizen without taking out papers. In those years it wasn't necessary for both husband and wife to take out papers. They moved to San Francisco where Josef opened a sailor's outfitting store down on the waterfront south of Market Street. Every two years his wife had another child until seven children were born.

Then came the big fire in 1906, and Josef and his family were burnt out. They spent the first few nights in Golden Gate Park in tents. The city furnished them with blankets

and food. They moved to Oakland and Josef started to peddle fruit again. He saved up a little money and started a clothing store. The war came on and two of his sons joined the United States army. The three daughters were married. He has six grandchildren, a nice home and he often thinks of his boyhood in Hungary and the hard struggle people have to make their living there while here in America everyone has an equal chance.

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C. was born in Vienna, Austria-Hungary, in July 1869. His mother, an Italian, and his father, a Hungarian, are now dead. The father was for a time a well established tailor in Vienna, but later became a salesman of oil paintings. The family were in modest circumstances.

C. attended school in Vienna for seven years and after the death of his parents in 1882, he went to live with an uncle in Trieste. He learned the upholsterers' trade in his uncle's shop and remained in his employment until he was nineteen years of age. Military service then being compulsory in Austria, he emigrated to Paris, France, to avoid serving his term.

After he had worked for a large interior decorator for a time, and saved some money, he opened his own establishment as an interior decorator. For six years the business prospered; then, because of his illness, it began to decline. He, having received an offer from a large London firm to take charge of their interior decorating department, sold his business and went to London. C. remained with this firm for five years. He attended night classes at a private school to learn the English language and did not leave the employment of the London firm until he had been awarded a contract to decorate part of the French section at the Saint Louis Exposition.

He took passage from London for New York, in January, 1904.

After a few days in New York, he went directly to St. Louis, where he was employed for one year. After the Exposition, he returned to New York City. There he secured his citizenship papers. Then followed several years of travel in the east where he worked as a decorator. One of his positions was at the Jamestown Exposition in Norfolk, Virginia.

C. had married an Italian girl, several years his senior, in Paris. A daughter was born to them, but she died during infancy. In 1914, they moved to San Francisco, where C. divorced his wife and married an American woman. They have three children, all nearly grown up. They own their home, and although C. has not made much progress financially, especially during the depression years, they are a very happy family.

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He was born in Trieste, Austria. He left there because he was poor and had to do menial work.

He loved music. He got a cheap violin and learned to play it. Many times he went hungry for he could not get along at home for his people were against his musical ideas. They told him he had a living to make, etc. After playing in cheap restaurants, he finally got an engagement to play in a theater, and then with a symphony. He wandered all over Europe and finally came here. He played in New York, Boston, Cincinnati, and finally here in San Francisco.

He says he does not care for money -- as long as he has enough to eat and drink and good clothes to wear, that's all one needs. He has saved a little money; he is fortunate that he has a bit to tide him over his periods of unemployment as he does not have steady work. The movie houses here are all talkies except a few, which hire orchestras. He plays sometimes in them and, at hotels and symphonies now and then.

He says everyone is greedy -- after money, etc.; says the world is all wrong; he says the good never are rewarded, in fact, suffer. "How do you figure that?" I asked. "Well, the great Lincoln was shot, Washington was always harressed, the great artists like Schubert died young, Beethoven went

deaf, yes, and even Jesus Christ, they crucified. You figure it out. Pilate was in the throne, and lived to an old age. People should be kept happy with music; only when people are idle and have bad days do they think of evil and mischief. The mind needs work to keep healthy, as the body needs food to keep it healthy.

This system of keeping the poor here is all wrong -- ." When asked how he would change it, he said he did not know, "but it's wrong." He says he is forty-eight years old and if he lives his normal life he will still see the doll in this country. Yet here the people are better off than any place in the world, and always will be.

Again he says our music here is as good as any symphony (the music in any big movie house.) Europe and the people here are getting more music-minded each day. Idleness has done much to make this so, people have time for concerts, etc. He hopes someday every big city will have its own symphony. "It is a shame that they should have trouble here supporting a symphony when there are so many wealthy people here."

He was born in Trieste, Austria. He left there because he was poor and had to do menial work.

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Franz was barely seventeen years old when he and his sister, Frieda, arrived in New York. They had left behind them a childhood of horrors and sentimental memories. Franz and Frieda were the children of a Viennese restaurant proprietor who had lost his life in the World War.

The family home in Vienna was in a narrow, winding street that led into one of the main thoroughfares. They lived above the small restaurant in very old but comfortable rooms. Their early life, Franz can remember, was happy and gay. The customers were many and often filled the place with music and gaiety. The food was always well served for his mother did the cooking and she was very proud of what she turned out.

Franz attended a public school which required but a half-day attendance. Austria, for a long time, had a splendid standard of higher education, but compulsory education is a relatively new feature of Austrian life. The trade schools have splendid high reputations as do the schools of agriculture, the universities, commercial academies, and institutions exclusively for the service of science. The social standing of an education is good, but the salaries are not in keeping with the social standing of the teaching profession.

Franz had been attending school at various times for about seven years, at the outbreak of the war. After his father

joined the army, his sister and mother carried on the business. Food rations were cut drastically low and often the stuff was stale and unfit to serve. Finally, they were forced to close the little restaurant as there was nothing to be served to the public and scarcely enough for their own consumption.

During the winter of the second year of the war, Franz's mother died of pneumonia. There was little wonder that they did not all die, for aside from the other numerous hardhips they had been without fuel that winter.

Frieda, who was six years older than Franz, decided that they should seek food and employment in some other city or country if necessary. Their experiences and hardships are too numerous to mention, but the close of the war found them in Italy. From Italy they came to New York. Frieda found a job in a restaurant there, but Franz went to Utica where he found employment in a textile mill as weaver. The mill employed all foreigners so there were many races under one roof. Many of these workers were hostile towards Franz but he had been through too much to let that bother him. He stayed at the mill for four or five years. In the meanwhile, Freida married and went to live in New Jersey. It was during one of the strikes that Franz left the mill and went to New York City. He found a job with the Panama Pacific Steamship Company on one of the boats as assistant cook. He learned much about the art of cooking from that

job which he held for three years.

When he left the boat Franz had saved enough money to open a small restaurant of his own. He settled in San Francisco and so far, he has just derived a small living from his business. Franz thinks that after the depression is over he will be able to establish a paying clientele and perhaps his Austrian dishes will enjoy some popularity.

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Subject---Austrian 1 (21 Pole

He was born in a small town on the outskirts of Krakau in Austria-Hungary in 1892. That portion of the country is now part of Poland. He was one of five children being the third of age and the only boy. His father owned a general store and with the help of his mother managed it. He was the possesser of the Tobacco concession in the town. This concession, granted by the Government, proved a valuable source of income along with his general merchandise. His father owned considerable farm lands in the close vicinity of the town.

Because the town was small they did not have a school, however the secretary to the Burgomeister was in the habit of giving lessons in reading and writing to those children who cared to come to his house. These lessons were rather well attended during the long winter evenings.

Our subjects family, considering themselves of a better edusated class than the majority of the people in the town, sent their children to attend school to a neighboring city, where they had to pay for their room and board and often for the unkeep of the school. When our subject was six years of age he was packed off to another city, and visited home only on holidays and vacations.

His mother had two brothers who had gone to the United States several years back. Through their frequent letters she was led to believe that their were better chances in the U.S. for the children In 1904, the town looking for a school house offered to buy their home so they sold it and left for the United States. The boy was 12 years old at this time. The arrived in New York and decided to make their home their.

His two younger sisters were sent to school and the two older girls obtained work in a factory, and attended evening school on the side. The brother attended Public School and High School and received exceptionally high grades. However the sudden death of his father prev-

ented him from taking advantage of the ashclarship that he was awarded on his graduation. Although all the way through high school he had worked part time as errand boy for various stores and meat markets he had never had a full time job. However he suddenly found that the burden of support of his mother and younger sisters was entirely placed on him/

Being a rather bright young man he obtained a very well paying position in the office of a Fortune Telling Establishment. This, was not merely a hit and miss outfit, but rather astock speculation concern using there fortune telling racket to convince customers of the advantage of buying the secretly owned company stocks. The owner was arrested when the company storks were found to be worthless and the business folded up. The employes were obsolved of all blame in the crooked transactions, but of course were left jobless.

He next obtained work in a large mens furnishing department in one of New Yorks largest department stores. He found the work very distasteful to him so he quit.

His oldest sister had married and moved to black Hills, South Dakota, so he dedided to pay them a visit. While visiting there he obtained a job working for the railroad so decided to stay. After the railroad job he worked getting subscriptions for popular magazines and through contacts he had made while on the subscription job obtained a position as orderly in the old Soldiers Home. His sister moved to Montana, and after a short stay alone he grew lonesome and went to Montana.

He obtained a position as secretary in a real estate office in Livingston. A few years later he sent to New York to get his childhood Sweetheart and and they were married. About twenty years ago he was made a partner in the firm. Since that time he entered into politics and being a staunch Republican held many high positions in his own locality. He was also a very prominent Elk and until '29 he made a very good living for his

and three children.

The failure of the s$/ stock market took a large part of his savings and the following depression period just about ruined his business. Since '29 it has been a continuous struggle with Real Estate getting worse.

As soon as the Republicans come back into power he will go back to Montana and become an active partner in the business of which he is still a silent member. He hopes to take his sister and her family who he is visiting in Berkeley back to the cold country of Livingston Montana when conditions right themselves.

Mr. Joe B. was born in Vienna in 1886. He was the son of a lawyer. He attended grammar and high school. He selected the ministry as his life work and he became an officer in the Austrian army in 1907.

He went through the war from 1914 to 1918, mostly fighting on the Russian front. In June 1918, he was severely wounded by a shot through his abdomen. The bullet shattered two of his vertebrae without injuring his spinal cord. He still suffers from the effects, as several of the bone splinters lodged in his kidneys.

He came to the United States in 1924, directly to San Francisco, via the Panama Canal. He had a very hard time in the beginning finding any kind of work, as he could hardly speak our language. Through the help of a friend, he finally found work as a laborer in a chocolate factory. He stayed on this concern for two years, but gave the job up, as he could not stand the environment any longer. He found himself another job as bus boy in a hotel dining room, and afterwards worked in the same place as a waiter for several years. He is now engaged in the insurance business, working for a small salary and commission. The complaint he makes is that he is hardly able to make enough to make two ends meet. He has worked in 1933 for three months as a laborer on C.W.A. Projects. He would not go back to Austria as he feels the condi-

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AUSTRIAN

J. was born in Trieste, Austria now Italy, in 1882, the eldest of five children, three girls and two boys. Their father was an artist, specializing in interior decorations and murals, doing most of his work in churches, halls, etc. The two boys were educated to follow art. Im 1900 the family moved to Vienna, and the father took both of the boys into business with him, instructing them in his profession. They both showed such talent that their services were very much in demand.

In 1902 J-- fell in love with a girl, they became engaged and were to be married in 1903. About this time the girl's parents decided to come to America and left Vienna in December 1903, arriving in New York about Christmas Time. J-- was not content to stay without her, so he came to New York i 1904, where he secured a good position with one of New York's largest decorators.

He married the girl he came after and in 1910 went into decorating business for himself. He was successful, but in 1915 his health broke down and he and his wife came to California.

His wife's uncle owned a vineyard and winery at Lodi, and they lived until 1920. Where with his health fully recovered he came to San Francisco. He worked for several decorators until 1925, when he started his own business which he still conducts. Has been very successful and is

considered the best in his line.

They have four children two boys and two girls; the oldest boy now about twenty years old, is learning his father's business and works with him. The depression has slowed down their business, but they have been kept busy about half of the time. They own their home, are comfortable fixed, are all in good health and wouldn't live anywhere but California.

Joseph was born in Trieste, Austria in 1882. He was the eldest of five children, three girls and two boys. Their father was an artist specializing in interior decorations and murals, doing most of his work in churches, halls, etc. The two boys were educated to follow art and in 1900, the family moved to Vienna. The father took both of the boys into business with him and instructed them in his profession. They both showed such talent that their services were very much in demand.

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AUSTRIAN

His parents came to Innsbruck, Austria, from the province of Trentino, in Northern Italy. His father was a locksmith and so Joe learned this trade in his father's shop in Innsbruck. He is about sixty-five years old, but still very strong. His life was that of a vagabond. He travelled all over Central Europe; all by boat. He would go from village to village, repairing keys and guns, and sharpening knives and other instruments that farmers use. He spent fifteen years in this kind of occupation. He claims to have travelled by foot from Vienna to Constantinople. He also spent several years in Montenegro, where he was official gunsmith for the King and nobility. He knew the King personally and went hunting in the mountains with him. (Often he lived in the mountains, hunting and trapping for several years.)

He came to America thirty-five years ago. For a time he lived in Tacoma, Washington. He had a gunsmith-shop there, but sold his business, and went with a group of hunters and trappers on an expedition to Alaska and from there to Siberia. In Siberia they spent two years. They came back with many precious furs. Hunting was very profitable and he spent several years at it. He tells very exciting stories of various hunting adventures. In later years long expeditions were too hard for him, so about fourteen years ago he settled in Stockton, California, and opened a gunsmith shop. Here

he established himself a prosperous business and good reputation. All the hunters acquiring of Joe and his craftsmanship as a gunsmith. Every year he goes hunting and is well known as a sharp-shooter.

Five years ago he moved to Emeryville. At present he has a store there, and although he has a business and lives in a relatively civilized community he is still leading a nomadic life. He has saved a lot of money and could afford to live very comfortable. He has a dark little room in back of his store. He cooks most of his meals himself, and spends very little money. He has severed all connections with home and does not know if any of his relatives are living or where. At present when he wants to go hunting he locks up his store and goes. Business may go to the devil for all he cares. Yet his reputation if very high and he has a good many customers. In the afternoon, sometimes, he locks his store and goes to sleep, and is very disturbed when a customer wakes him.

In general, he is a very peculiar man. America has not changed him at all. In some respects he is just as original and his mode of life is the same as it was in the old country. Joe has been a bachelor all his life and intends to remain so. He has a very amusing personality and a high sense of humor. He seems to be a contradittion of his environment. Civilization did not have much influence on him. Siberka or Alaska would make much pleasanter surroundings for such a person.

His parents came to Insbruck, Austria, from the province of Trentino in Northern Italy.

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His father was a locksmith, and so Joe learned this trade in his father's shop in Insbruck. He is about sixty-five years old, but is still very strong. His life was that of a vagabond. He travelled all over Central Europe. On foot he would go from village to village fixing keys, guns, sharpening knives and other instruments that farmers use. He spent fifteen years in this kind of occupation. He claims to have travelled by foot from Vienna to Constantinople. He also spent several years in Montenegro where he was official gunsmith for the king and royalty. He knew the king personally and often went hunting in the mountains with him. (Often he would live in the mountains, hunting and trapping for several years.)

He came to America thirty-five years ago and, for a time lived in Tacoma, Washington. He had a gunsmith shop there, but sold his business and went with a group of hunters and trappers on an expedition to Alaska and from there to Siberia. In Siberia they spent two years and came back with many precious furs. Hunting was very profitable and he spent several years at it. He tells very exciting stories of various hunting adventures. In later years long expeditions were too hard for him so about fifteen years ago, he settled in Stockton, California and opened up a gunsmith shop.

Here he established himself a prosperous business and good reputation. All the hunters knew of Joe and his craftsmanship as a gunsmith.

Every year he goes hunting and is well known as a sharp shooter. Five years ago he moved to Emeryville. At present he has a store there. Although he has a business and lives in a relatively civilized community, he is still leading a half nomadic life. He has saved a lot of money and could afford to live very comfortably; instead, he has a dark little room in the back of his store, cooks most of his meals by himself and spends very little money. He has severed all connections with home and does not know if any of his relatives are living and where they may be. At present when he wants to go hunting, he locks up his store and goes. The business may go to the devil, for all that he cares. Yet his reputation is very good and he has a good many customers. In the afternoon, sometimes, he locks his store and goes to sleep, and is very distrubed when a customer wakes him up.

In general, he is a very peculiar man. America has not changed him at all. In some respects, he is just as original and, his mode of life the same as it was in the old country. Joe has been a bachelor all his life and intends to remain so. He has a very amusing personality and a fine sense of humor. He seems to be a contradiction to his environment. Civilization did not have much influence on him. Siberia or Alaska would make a much

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AUSTRIAN

I enjoyed a conversation with a woman of seventy-nine years, who had not mastered the English language very well, though living in America the past forty years.

Prior to that, she and her husband, with a family of five children, lived in a small village outside of Vienna. The husband had a successful bakery shop and was a land owner. He was very highly thought of in the community and on numerous occasions was called upon by village officials for his advice. Their two older daughters were educated at a private school in Vienna and, according to the style of the small town, were considered exclusive.

The husband's Viennese bachelor brother, who was considered a keen business man, left for America in 1884. The letters he wrote home were full of inducements to leave the old country for America. He wrote how the laboring man, like the peasants, received their wages in gold, which was very amazing and of course very alluring to those who heard this.

So one day the husband let it be known that he was planning to visit America. After considerable discussion and planning, it was decided that the husband and the second oldest daughter, who spoke the English language, would go to America first. They did; and a year later the wife and remaining children also left for America.

When the family arrived in New York City, the husband and daughter met them. The old lady told me that she will never forget the pangs of disappointment that surged through her, upon landing. Although the family was reunited, there were days of weeping and longing to be back home.

The husband was employed as a baker, but was very much discontented, as he wished to have a bakery of his own. The wife would not consent to it, as she was afraid that it would take all of their money. She suggested that they delay such a venture for a year or two and then decide if they wanted to stay in America or go back home. At the end of the first year, a son was born to them. At the end of the second year, the husband died.

The bachelor brother who was the cause of them coming to America had married and was living in Omaha, Nebraska. He urged the widow to come with the children to Omaha. He sent the railroad tickets, which were accepted.

Living conditions, and the class of people they met in Omaha, were more to their liking. It was like going into another world. They lived in Omaha twenty years. Three of the children married there, and are very happy. The American born son entered college and studied theosophy and is now a Minister of the Gospel in Washington, D.C., and is also high in the Masonic Order. One son is prosperous in Oklahoma, and the seventy-nine year-old lady is living with her oldest

married daughter who is a business woman in California.

I asked has she any regrets now about coming to America. She said: no; now that all the suffering is in the past, and her children are all happy. But once in a while she has a little urge to go back to the homeland.

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My informant was born in Wattensdad by Essen, in 1888. He went through grammar school. He learned in Essen the confectionary business, and was there for three years as an apprentice. From there he worked in the same line of business in Darsseldorf, Kolin, Leipzig, and Hamburg. He served for two years in the German army in Wilheim during 1907 to 1909.

After getting out of the army he worked as pastry maker on the Hamburg-American lines until 1910. He spent the years 1911 and 1912 in Paris and London, working as a pastry maker in hotels and restaurants. He arrived in New York in 1913, found work in his trade in one of New York's big hotels. He left there in 1915 and went to St. Louis, Chicago, Denver, Spokane, Seattle, and Portland, always finding work in the big hotels as pastry maker. He arrived in San Francisco in 1917 and worked in several of the hotels following his trade. He is an American citizen. He always made good money and saved some up to the time of 1929. The crash took the greatest part of his savings.

He is still working in the same line of business, and he has had a steady job for the last four years. During the depression, his salary was reduced twice; first, he got a cut of 15%, and a year later, another one of 10%. The salary was never restored to the old standard. But what could he do, he had to take it or give up the position. He would not go back to the old country.

city of his youthful desire,in the meanwhile, had been burned down and in in its place had arisen an altogether unsatisfactory city-- a top-heavy Gehenna of skyscrapers,whose ways and peoples were no less confusing than its maze of hard paved streets and their crazy traffic of death threatening automobiles. In other words, his world had changed while he , like Rip Van Winkle of old, had been asleep.

From a little town in Austria,there came to San Francisco in 1875 , a stripling of 2? years,in suit of homespun,with all of his earthly belongings in a brave sea chest which he had himself fashioned. He came alone to the New World,having left his brothers and sisters and parents in the oldhome as he set out to make his own way in the world. He had little money,but plenty of courage and ambition.He had learned a good trade,but had acquired no education otherwise. He could neither read nor write.

Albert Eberhard was a saddler and harnessmaker and had been trained thoroughly in his vocation by his father before him .He knew his leathers,hames and horse collars and he knew that horsepower was one of the great assets that was helping build the Golden West.He figured this out before he left Germany.

"I was never without a job in my whole life," he told me." I couldn't talk English,but I could make harness and I got a job,the pick of a dozen,before I had been in San Francisco a week. The first job was with a railroad contractor, and they sent me down to work on a line they were building across the mojave desert. And I stayed on that job. I was kept busy outfitting mules and horses until the railroad was finished and I was able to ride into Los Angeles on one of the new,wonderful trains.

While working in the desert however, Albert did not forget the old folks,or the family he had left in Germany. He made regular remittances to his family and sent money to bring two brothers and a sister to this land of opportunity and easy money. When he got to Los Angeles

there was a reunion with the loved ones. All three had found employment and had made a home there. But he did not tarry long. He remembered San Francisco,where he was recieved as an immigrant and he wanted to return there,find himself a job and settle down. He felt comparatively rich, that is he had several thousand dollars. So he went north with several of his railroad camp companions who also were "in the money."

In San Francisco he made other acquaintances and there was much drinking and carousing along the waterfront. In this he joined with joyful abandon. He had worked hard and he had money to spend! He was entitled to his fling!

But not so one of his German companions. This man,whose name Eberhard has since forgotten, continually worried about being robbed of his hoardings and opened a bank account.

" And he worried me to death,even after he had put his own money away," says Eberhard."I was all for the old money-belt but one day in spite of my objections,he took me to the old German bank here and made me deposit $1,000 . That was about half of what I had but I did not tell him that. He would worry. I always like to have some money by me.

"One day I found myself a job . It was a fine job,too. That was in the good old days when they had horse racing at the old Ingleside track and for race horses they used fine,light harness. Here was a place to make big money and to see the horses race too, so I stuck with it. I made a lot of money and had a good time too. Once in a while my brothers and sister would come to San Francisco and we went about and spent money and did everything we wanted to do.

"We gambled and I got lots of good tips and made many friends . There were dance halls and fine drinking places. I always had a good time and nothing to worry about.

" It was in a bar-room on Kearney street I learned about all

the gold they were finding in Alaska and the gold rush to the Yukon. I didn't think much about it but figured I would like to take a trip, so with two other men I went to Nome in 1896. I've been in Nome ever since. I never got a chance to look for any gold in Alaska,however.

"Before we got off the boat everybody on board had found out that I was a harnessmaker.Could I make harness for dogs? Ja,I reckon I could,if they would bring me their dogs. I had never even seen a dog with harness on him and I thought it was funny! But as soon as I landed I found out it wasn't funny. The dogs in Alaska were doing the work the mules had done in the desert and there wasn't another good harness man in the town.

"Everybody was in a rush to get on the trail. I wanted to get around and look things over,see the town and such things , but they just wouldn't let me. I had to get out my tools and get to work and work far into the night the very day of my arrival. I have been at it ever since. I have turned out practically all the dog harness that has been used in the Far North and some that has been used elsewhere.

"I made harness outfits for all of Amundson's dogs when he traveled over the Polar ice pack. I still have a priceless pair of Amundsons old boots standing in my cabin where he set them before he departed the last time ,with orders for me to make new tops and ski-ties. I made the dog harness for Seppala which he used in his famous dog race and there are now orders for more dog harness in my shop than I will be able to turn out in my lifetime. I don't go after business.I came out this trip to get away from it. But I can't stay here . I gotta go back! "

Eberhard learned to read,he tells me, from a Montgomery-Ward catalog. He doesn't write,but prints legibly and is able to make out his own orders and whatever bills he requires in his business.

But that thousand dollars he deposited here 30 years ago is a story in itself. He says he went to Alaska and forgot all about it for

years. Then came the earthquake and he heard the city had been destroyed. He wrote to the bank and the letter came back to him.

" I thought the money was gone but I got to thinking about it one day in the hotel where I'm stopping," he said."So I went down and told the old clerk about it . He said of course that my money was gone because the old German bank had been out of business for many years. But I remembered about where the bank had stood and I inquired around. Finally an old man told me to inquire at another bank which he seemed toremember had taken over the accounts of the German when it closed.

" When I went into this fine bank to ask about it I was ashamed.I had never seen or been inside such a beautiful marble building. The policeman at the door stopped me to find out what I wanted there . Then he went and talked toa teller. The teller left his cage and went to talk toa vice president . This man came out and shook hands with me and was a nice feller. He took me into his glass office and asked me to sit and gave me a cigar. He asked me for my pass book and I said I never had one- I left it with the German banker.

" He was much interested in my story and asked me about Amundson and a lot of things and while he was doing it , I found out afterward,he had sent a boy down cellar to look around. This feller came back with an old book and the assistant cashier looked at it , made some figures on a paper and asked me how I wanted my money.

" I was surprised when he told me they still had my money,after the earthquake and all,but when the banker told me it was nearly $8,000 they were going to give me,I got frightened.

" I told them to keep the money for me,as I knew then that it was safe. And I told them to keep track of my bank book too as I had trusted them this long, I guess they weren't going to run away from this fine building now. But just to see if I could do it, I drew $200 in nice

new ten dollar bills and--here they are! Now we'll go change one and buy some beer!

The story of Eberhard is a long one and he likes to talk. Anyhow,he had a reunion here with his sister and brother-in-law who now reside in South San Francisco. They have a fine home and four children who have all been educated here and have started out for themselves. The two brothers in Los Angeles also have prospered and made money and there are seven grown grand-children there too.

"I am now 80 years old," the hardy harnessmaker told me.He doesn't look more than 60. "I am going to make this last trip back to Alaska and straighten out my affairs. Then I think I will retire. I want to get a little place and live the rest of my years on the peninsula,near San Francisco, perhaps in the Santa Cruz mountains where I can have a few chickens, some dogs and a car so I can go to the races as often as I like.

"My children don't need me-- my grand-children are all so big and educated that they think I am an old fogy,so I guess I will batch it as I always have. I've made more than $50,000 in Alaska and that's more than I will be able to spend in what's left of my lifetime."

These are all good intentions. Rip Van Winkle has awakened and turned over,but he has gone back to Alaska. Do you think "Rippy" will go to sleep again when the lure of the sourdough,Amundson's boots and the appeal of sore-footed dogs again enter his dream horizon? The call of the North is no longer the call of gold to Eberhard. It is the siren call of the Arctic which has led many a hardy adventurer to his doom. It is the lure of Aurora over snowy wastes, the pure appeal of silvery stars which beckon him away from man made thrills and civilization's never ending speeding up of life! He will come back and retire--Maybe!

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SFH. 23

XVII Austria